## CARDINAL MANNING.

A NOTABLE BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. By Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Member of the Roman Academy of Letters. Two volumes. Octavo. Vol. I, pp. xiv. 702, Manning as an Anglican. Vol. II, pp. ix, 832, Manning as a Catholic. Macmillan & Co.

To those interested in the great religious movement in which Cardinal Manning was a participant, Mr. Purcell's book will be profoundly interesting. In most respects, indeed, it is a model blography, we had almost said, autobiography; for it is largely made up of Manning's letters, extracts from his diaries, journals and autobiographical notes which he made especially to be used in this work, and all of which he turned over to Mr. Purcell before his death. These rich materials, together with the substance of numerous personal corversations with the Cardinal, have been woven into a sustained narrative by Mr. Purcell, with considerable literary skill, and with commendable self-effacement. It is always Manning and never his chronicler who occupies the centre of the stage; and we may add, in passing, that this is in exact accordance with what Manning bimself would have most ardently the office brought troubles, as well as honors, to make, wished. Moreover, the biographer deals honestly with his materials. Even when they prove most conclusively that Manning's character was by no means perfect, he makes little or no attempt to break their force by sophistical arguments The reader is put in possession of all the facts at hand, and from them is expected to form his own judgment as to the character and career of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

It must be said, indeed, that Mr. Purcell is somewhat deficient in the quality of imagination, that he has almost no sense of humor, and that, being a Roman Catholic, he naturally writes as of a falling cause. Moreover, as an archdeacon, greatest of all the English "minimizers," while, "feather" for wings. Are we to understand that a Roman Catholic partisan. We note one fling at Mr. Gladstone, and a number of bitter allusions to the Anglican Church, that are blemishes forc he did so in his first charge, calling at. Newman had good grounds for this belief is such it may be called, is concerned with the adeven from the literary and artistic point of view. tention, among other things, to the fact that the shown in the biography, for while Manning was But, as a whole, the work is so well done that we are not disposed to dwell on its faults. It tion are most destitute of Christianity. This denouncing him in quarters where denunciation a droll tale, but in Mr. Abbott's hands becomes, if will have a permanent value, not so much be- charge was delivered just after Tract No. 90 ap- would be most effective. cause it records the life of Manning, as because in doing so it necessarily records some part, at movements in the history of Christianity,

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Henry Edward Manning was born of sturdy English middle-class people. His father was a man of wealth and position, and a member of Parliament. The religious views of the family vere strictly Evangelical, and in those principles the boy was trained. He soon developed a despotic temper, strong self-will and a love of power. He became something of a dandy at | People instinctively felt that his faith was ex-Harrow, though in after years, when a Cardi- oteric rather than esoteric. It was something he in youth was shown by his silence in regard to his school companions while he always talked As a boy he was idle, indolent and clever, and none of his schoolmates can remember that he ever distinguished himself in anything. On the Tractarians ardently believed. And yet, ever other hand, it is the testimony of all that his from offences against the moral law.

At Oxford he soon made a mark as a ready and graceful speaker at the famous Union Debating Society, and he then decided that he would go into politics, and become the greatest statesman of his age. It was said of him in those days that he was self-conscious even in his nightcap, and the Bishop, a Low Churchman, recently begged that he possessed the fatal gift of omniscience; him (Manning) to think up some scheme for a but at the same time, he was magnetic, impressive and concillatory. He dld not become a great student in Oxford, but he developed some his after career-will power, tenacity of purpose, the crown of their heads." self-confidence and self-control, readiness of resource and a rare capacity of making the most of his abilities and opportunities. It was said of and the hardest-reading idle man in the uniart of self-defence"-an art which he does not | ing these years, in fact, Manning really lived a ever appear to have employed.

believed in baptismal regeneration as a specu- cumstances. He was an opportunist, often, we tile to the order, which they looked on as a lative dogma, but had only a vague conception believe, without knowing it, one who made opthe actors in a movement that was to stir the Church of England to its depths. Manning's his life. He loved to be in "the whirl of the heart was in the Union, and to talk or teach actual," and to use men and women as steppingpolitics to admiring disciples was his constant stones for his own advancement. delight.

political career, but his father's bankruptcy except to say that he centiqued to the last is self to circumstances. And so he found little ests of Manning. difficulty in adjusting himself to the "agreeable curacy" of Lavington, and to a Merton fellowship, even though they did involve Holy Orders. Judged by the standards of the time, he deserves no special reprobation for this; for greater men

from the same motives He fell easily and naturally into the pleasant ways of a country parson. He was most exemplary in the performance of his clerical duties. He married the daughter of the previous rector, and succeeded to the rectorchip. His short married life appears to have been ideally happy, but in later days he never referred to his marriage, and many English Catholics never knew that he had been married. According to his blographer his reticence was due to his belief that his influence as a priest would be lessened if the fact of his marriage were known. He would not let even the noblest passion that ever possessed him stand in the way of his ecclesiastical success.

11.

All this time his religious views were of a hazy evangelical stripe. He was proud of "the blessed results of the Reformation." Though the Oxford movement was born almost under his eyes, he took no note of it at first. His personal plety was beyond question, and, indeed, his whole scheme of religion rested on the evangelical dogma of personal piety. "It was a picturesque sight," says a friend, "to watch the zealous and stately rector, vested in surplice, himself tolling the bell, while in the gray of a winter's morning the straggling villagers hurrled to morning prayer before going out to their daily toll in the fields." It was a restful and happy life, but Manning was not the man to find his highest happiness in it. He soon began to throw himself with feverish delight into Church politics He preached in defence of the doctrine of Apostolical succession in 1835. Without ceasing to be an Evangelical he began to make approaches to the Tractarians, while at the same time he earned the plaudits of "The Record" by standing up for Protestantism. He attacked Dr. Wiseman anonymously in the press. He preached a sermon on the rule of faith, attacking both Romanism and popular Protestanism. This augered

his Evangelical friends, and "The Record" fell came very great. He was the power behind the kindly in his personal impulses, and deserves Ecclesiastical Commission soon earned for him

education by the State as godless. When Dr. Shuttleworth, a pronounced Low was politic enough to get on the right side of for Manning to succeed Wiseman, may have oc presently appointed the rector of Lavington in every way a proper one as such things go. tleworth, for it was made from a sense of duty, and it caused Mrs. Shuttleworth to storm like a fury when she heard of it. At this time, though only thirty-four years of age, Manning of importance in the councils of the Church, but to praying against a certain move they intended with it. He could no longer show any public sympathy with the Tractarians. He was on the high road to still greater preferment, for archdeacons often reached a mitre. And it would be As rector of an obscure country parish it was very well to be on Intimate terms with Newman, but as Archdeacon of Chichester he determined to break with him. Never, if he could it would evidently be good policy to come out as for Newman, he believed Manning to be this is a mere slip of the pen, or is it a symbol? son must be wiped out.

even he could not avoid being engulfed by them. since the year 1836, Manning had been intimately Tractarian leaders. He had contributed anonymously to their periodicals, and his correspondence, now published for the first time, shows trary, or we shall continue to think so." that he even used their terminology, and was in hearty sympathy with their aims. For instance in a letter to Newman, dated 1838, he says that diocesan theological seminary. "I can only, says Manning, "think of a lease of a house, and a few sets of rooms and some good Catholic who

A year later he began to hear confessions. The most successful in preventing them, even when Newman would decline the honor, than which dream." versity. The oddest thing he did there was to he came himself to believe secretly that the hire a notorious pugilist to teach him the "noble | Church of Rome was the only true Church. Dur-Strangely enough, he took no interest at that interests were on the other. He was a man who better prosecution of mission work in London, fating jelly swept sinuously around me

When he left Oxford he looked forward to a of Manning's last years in the Anglican Church, made it impossible for him to enter politics, and play a double part, standing up in public for for a time he became a supernumerary clerk in Anglicanism, and in private confessing his disthe Colonial Office. This was only a stop gap, belief in it. That such a course was essentially of being a clergyman was positively repulsive to for him to find plenty of good arguments for a fluence. him. But Manning never failed to adjust him- course of conduct that would advance the inter-

The immediate cause of his conversion to Rome was the Gorham judgment, which was an assertion of State supremacy in the Church in matters man, who was the Pope's private chamberlain, that almost the whole of Manning's career in the Church of Rome was a game of ecclesiastical ning it must be admitted that he was easily a guess as to the ultimate verdict of history in able to beat most of them. In fact, he was at | regard to Manning. He was not a great man.

the case-hardened Italian Cardinals. The impres

Manning and Talbot is a most painful one, for

whom he fawned in public.

foul of him. But his active opposition to the throne in the Errington case, and, in the opinion praise for the amazing activity and tenacity of of English Catholics at the time, played a disthe regard of all influential Churchmen, and creditable part in it. Dr. Errington had been later years, too, he seemed to have reached a Newman's "British Critic" and "The Record" made a coadjutor of Westminster, with the larger and nobler outlook, and identified himself united in praising him. His opposition to the right of succession, by Cardinal Wiseman, who with nearly all the helpful movements of the State control of the Church was instinctive. He discovered when too late that his successor was day. But on the whole his greatness was only was now a Churchman, and it therefore seemed | a "minimizer"-that is to say, not an ultramon- | the not riety of an ephemeral success, and a to him divinely right that Churchmen alone tane. The Cardinal, however, was unwilling to hundred years hence his name will occupy a very should rule the Church. He also opposed secular do anything in the matter, but Manning forced small and inconspicuous place on the scroll of him to act, and by his finesse managed finally fame. to get a Papal decree removing Dr. Errington. Churchman, succeeded Bishop Otter in the See | That the elimination of poor Errington, who deof Chichester, Manning's friends feared that his served a better fate than to be made the victim chances of preferment were gone. But Manning of a base secret intrigue, made the way clear the new Bishop, though at first the Bishop looked | curred to Manning, but if so, we may be sure upon him as a "Romaniter" in disguise, and he that it did nothing to dampen his ultramontane zeal. Meanwhile, he gained a complete ascend-Archdeacon of Chichester. The appointment was ency over Wiseman, and prosecuted his campaign against the "minimizers." He was and it was especially creditable to Pishop Shut- determined to crush them, and thus earn the gratitude of the Holy See. The record of these guerilla contests, in which Manning delighted, is not pleasant to read, and would often be ludicrous it it were not so sad-as when, for inwas described as "prematurely baid, venerable stance, we are informed that one of the bishops, and wise." He at once became a personage being hard pressed by his enemies, set his nuns

IV.

An incident equally grotesque is related in the chapter about the estrangement of Manning and ost impolitic to ruin these bright prospects by Newman. At the close of a bitter correspondence showing friendship to men who had no influence. between the two men, Newman told Manning that he would say seven masses for him, and Wishing to give the reader every possible assistance Manning retorted that he (Manning) would say in the solution of Mr. Abbott's mystery, it may be twelve masses for Newman. We may as well observed that on the few occasions in which the refer here to the causes of this estrangement. help it, did Manning commit himself to an un- So far as Manning was concerned it was inpopular movement, or take his stand on the side | evitable that he should be arrayed against the strongly against Roman Catholicism, and there- double-faced and unworthy of confidence. That Apart from the donkey, the plot of the story, if countries most successful against the Reforma- professing friendship to Newman he was secretly

peared, and when all England was ringing with His treatment of Newman was, in fact, un- The defect is due to two things; First, to the author's cries of rage against "Newman the traitor." It speakably mean, petty and malevolent. In inability, either natural or acquired, of telling a least, of one of the most remarkable recrudescent is true that Newman was his friend, that he the correspondence to which we have referred simple tale in a simple manns secretly sympathized with the Tractarian move- Newman, it seems to us, clearly convicts Man- the ridiculous affectations of his verbal style. ment, and disbelieved in popular Protestanism. ning of having borne false witness against him. But these facts did not outweigh the other fact | while he uttered no word of protest against the that the taint of "Remanism" would stand in the scurillous attacks on Newman by Ward and others without absorbing any of his gentus. The fastislious periodical as qualified to render. But the way of his further preferment, and for that rea- ers. It is true he wrote to Newman deprecating result is that the effect of striking a drum is re- elitor of "Cosmopolis" and, still worse, failed to please everybody. The his hostility to Newman, and Taibot, who was controversies in the Church were so fierce that quick to take a hint, took good care that New- when the every-day saw is juggled into "familiarity man should remain in bad odor at the Vatican. procreates vilipendency." For the rest the style is Mr. Purcell, in fact, admits that Manning virtually accused Newman of disloyalty to the Pope, nature. His anti-Catholic declarations failed to he was unable to deceive the great Oratorian, state of violent cruption, and the curious thing about very system, a gain of clearness and convenience. please the Protestants, which showed that the who in character and intellect towered so high it all is that the reader is a witness to this tremenabout himself. He lived an egotistic life, in instinct of the Protestanta was right. There above him. "The world," said Newman, "accuses which what he thought, said and did seemed to was, however, one supreme thing to do. On him without provocation, of thwarting me; and he attacked many of the principles that the stead of taking any step to prevent them, he con- did not give his donkey wings, which is perhaps the tents himself with denying his naving done any- conclusion he wisnes the reader to draw from his thing against me himself. The world parrative life as a boy and young man was singularly free but secretly associated with Newman and other thinks, and I think, that he has virtually interfered in the Oxford Oratory matter; and the intention to interest his readers in the plots of the world and I have to be convinced to the confered in the Oxford Oratory matter; and the

> Nor is that all. In his "Vatican Decrees." st of them all. When he opened his ill-starred Pope Pius IX, though he knew that Newman ments of hideous chsession. Thus we find one suffered keenly because of his ostracism at expressed an inte a of making Newman a fortunate personage.

on the bishops and priests generally were hos-

justified the confidence reposed in him by the to be desired. Again Stevenson's influence is con-Pope, for no more unflinching champion of the spicuous, but is not aggressively so, and is limited pertaining to the faith. There is no evidence | Papal claims could have been found in Europe. that he ever took any interest in the doctrinal But it cannot be said that he was a success as than he was have entered the Angilean ministry revival of the Oxford movement. The Papacy a Church administrator. He strove to be, and feetive horror reaches up an abnormally long arm will continue to turn in great numbers to the reas the centre of unity was the dogma that at- practically became, the Pope of English Catholitracted him to the Roman Church, and through- cism-a Pope, moreover, who rode roughshod touch is admirable. out the whole of his career in the Roman Church over the most cherished traditions of English was the one dogma which he especially loved Catholicism. His overwhelming belief in him- of Mr. Machen's book, we can find no world strong literature of France, England and Germany into to champion. At the time of his conversion self kept him from associating with others in enough to express our utter abhorrence of the class Wiseman was the Cardinal Archbishon of Wests organized work for the Church. He worked minster, and was engaged in a fierce conflict hard himself, and in the later years of his life with the English Catholics, most of whom were | he wielded much personal influence. But he did "Low Church" or Gallican Catholies, while Wise- little to strengthen the Church in England. No And in Mr. Machen's case the offence is all the man was an Ultramontane. Both the principles man in England was more incessantly busy than and the interests of Manning led him to side was Cardinal Manning during the whole of his emplay grace and finish. It has the appearance with Wiseman, whose faithful henchman he at life; and yet no man of equal prominence in his at first sight, of perfect innocence, but a moment's once became. This earned for him the cordial generation left a more meagre record of things detestation of the English Catholics, one of done. The last notable events in his ecclesiastiwhom said. "I hate that man; he is such a for- cal career were his participation in the discussions ward plece." But Wiseman, with Rome behind of the Vatican Council and his elevation to the him, was immeasurably more important than the | Cardinalate. The Vatican Council was the oppor-English Catholics, and Manning took good care | tunity of his life, and we may be sure he made that not only Wiseman but Rome should be the next of it. Feere was a strong and vigorfully informed as to his doings. He was able to ous opposition in the Council to the promulgation do this through Monsignor Talbot, an English- of the decree of Papal infallibility. Manning, of course, was in favor of the decree, and soon beand who for years, as the correspondence between | came its leading champion. Its final passage by him and Manning shows, "worked" various peo- the Council made Manning, therefore, one of the ple in Rome, including the Pope himself, in the most conspicuous ecclesiastics in the Church. interests of Manning. Indeed, it may be said and, best of all, persona gratissima at the Vatican. His elevation to the Cardinalate followed almost as a matter of course, and the evening intrigue, a game which he loved above every- of his life was spent in the enjoyment of his thing else. He found many others in the Church | well-earned and, we must add, well-worn honors. adepts in the same game, but in justice to Man- In the light of this book it is not hard to form

times so unscrupulous that he scandalized even In scholarship he was superficial; in mental equipment he was quick and versatile, rather sion produced by this correspondence between than profound. To say that he was unprincipled would be harsh and, perhaps, unjust; it is almost wholly a record of petty chicane and but he so identified his principles with his interdouble dealing, unrelieved by any suggestion of ests that even he could not always distinguish noble motives or lofty ideals. Each of the writ- between them. There is no record of his ever ers is revealed as stabbing in the dark men upon having done a noble and disinterested deed. His Manning's influence over Wiseman soon be- seeking and intrigue. At the same time he was

purpose that always distinguished him. In his

## RECENT SHORT STORIES.

HYSTERICS FROM CHICAGO AND BOSTON.

THE GODS GIVE MY DONKEY WINGS. By An-

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE; A BOOK OF GHOST STORIES. By Ralph Adams Cram. 15mo, pp. 151. Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

STOLEN SOULS. By William Le Queux. 12mo, pp. 305. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New-York. THE LITTLE ROOM AND OTHER STORIES. By Madelene Yale Wynn, 16mo, pp. 145. Way &

More dis ernment than is possessed by the average novel reader is required to divine the underlying idea of Mr. Abbott's "The Gods Give My Donkey Wings." We frankly confess that it has so far bolic host to which it belongs, the author presumably attaches some aesthetic importance to this winged donkey, which, like Stevenson's immortal companion, is his patient fellow-traveller in a strange words of the title occur in the text they are used in the form of interjections, and are reproduced verbatim with one exception when the formula unventures of a mysterious Zenda-like community Matters reach a climax in an episode which might have supplied Mr. Stockton with the materials for not positively coarse, at least dull and perplexing, communicative, and just about as interesting and

under the title, "Black Spirits and White." If such was his intention, he has succeeded admirably. while mentioning with approval the various. On the other hand, he has spared no pairs in the Catholic rejoinders to Mr. Gladstone, Manning elaboration of his details. His color is samply trecarefully omits any mention of Newman's "Le". mendous; a sunset is positively palled beside any ter to the Duke of Norfolk," unquestionably the this little book. Similarly, Mr. Abbott's rocking best of them all. When he opened his ill-starred catholic University he passed over Newman and put at its head Monsignor Capel. He refused to struck objects. But his forte is not his description of the finer qualities that did so much to shape will live on f100 a year to poison them up to inform Newman of a kindly reference to him by of nature but his analysis of psychic states in mo-Rome. And, last of all, when Pope Leo XIII mary pair of eyes. "In the velvet darkness," says Mr Cram, in recalling the prelicament of this unhim that he was the idlest hard-reading man penitents all wanted to go to Rome, and he was Cardinal he spread abroad a false report that palescent, small, far-away, awful eyes, like a dead Elsewhere, speaking for himself, he obnothing could have been better calculated to serves "Suddenly a wet, bey mouth, like that of a dead cuttlefish, shapeless, jeilylike, fell over mine. Manning's restiess activity prompted him to The horror began slowly to draw my life from me, double life. His beliefs were on one side and his found the Order of Oblates of St. Charles for the but, as enormous and shuddering folds of paiple-

be successful was the supreme end and aim of his attitude was whole stress of their endeavor on the physical side his life. He loved to be in "the whirl of the more Roman than that of the Pope himself. Inof the Papacy. This reputation proved of the their main effects, giving only so much material pages, and the olds are that he will still be trying greatest service to him on the death of Wise-detail as was necessary to suggest the presence in the next number of "Cosmopolis," May he find however, and his friends all told him that the only thing for him to do was to take orders. Nobody, not even Manning himself, thought that he had any "divine call" to the ministry, or even any special qualifications. But when he became any special qualifications. But when he became any special qualifications. But when he became any special qualifications are decided, nevertheless, to take orders. In after to a particular manner of studying facts, and in a surbanity of the entire review. subtle admixture of the preposterous with the and takes a bust of Pitt from the beokease. The

of literature herein represented. It is, to be sure, a class which enjoys for the moment a certain vogue, but that the thing is a "fail" renders it no more tolerable to people with decently clean minds. more heinens because disgulard in a style of exthought reveals the inherent nastiness of the fabric; one becomes painfully conscious of being in the presence of a foul mind, bent on wicked and corrupting insinuations, which are all the more misrupting insimuations, which are all the more mis-chi-vous because they are insimuations. There are passages in this book which make a decent man blush for the much-vaunted free lond of the press in this blessed land of liberty, and make one tol-erant of the severe Russian consership.

Hysterics is the normal condition of the chareters in Mr. William Le Queux's "Stolen Souls." Every one has it, and has it bad. But the tale is not degenerate; there is too much bustle, and too many daggers and revolvers for that; it moves forward with the impetuesity of an Adelphi melo drama, and on much the same lines. The action takes place more or less all over the world-in London, Paris, in the desert of Sahara and else-where. Of course, every one is fabulously rich, and, of course, there is a Russian counters, author might have dispensed with the chapter "The Masked Circe," and the publishers have lost nothing by omitting the illustration accompanies it. "Stolen Souls" is not liter.

In closing this review of some of the latest productions of the ever-busy American press, it is a pretentious little volume entitled "The Little Room lieve, quite as inexperienced in the field of literabut he so identified his principles with his interests that even he could not always distinguish between them. There is no record of his ever having done a noble and disinterested deed. His whole life was spent on the low level of self-seeking and intrigue. At the same time he was

## LITERARY NOTES

"A Lady of Quality." Mrs. Frances Hidgion Burnett's forthcoming novel, is a story of the days Queen Anne, and is written in the language of that period. This is rather a daring thing for Mrs. Burnett to do, for one cannot lightly challenge comparison with "Esmond." The new book is said to be the best thing this lady has ever written.

Some basis for the notion that physical characteristics have something to do with the revolution-

ary turn of mind might be found in the portrait of Sergius Stepniak, the Russian Nihilist, who was killed at an English railway crossing two days before Christmas. His shaggy hair and scowling brows suggest a misanthrope whose willingness to make war on his fellows is temperamental. Yet Stepniak was by no means a terrible person. He was bizarre in appearance and

eccentric in habits, but his Nihilism was mainly an Oriental type of revolutionary propaganda. His scholastic defence of the creed never went so far as to demand more than reasonable constitutional freedom for Russians or to make attacks on liberal

governments "The Career of a Nihilist" was a good novel, if not a convincing political tract, and he himself was a mild-mannered man of noble family, an accomplished writer, a university professor, and during his twenty years' exile, the latest of which were spent in England, he gained the personal respect of those who most abhorred his notions. But he never became quite conventional. He answered notes in red ink if that came most handy, and made people ask if he wrote with the bottled blood of tyrants; and lectured in New-York in 1891 he appeared in the Metropolitan Opera House with acopen waistcoat, gleaning shirt front, low collar and a black freck coat. He had a powerful voice, and, with a true Russian's linguistic gift, spoke English perfectly, though with some effort.

The new international review, entitled "Cosmopolis," may be described as a kind of literary Triple It is a publication in which English, French and German men of letters combine, with a view to bringing about not merely a state of literary reciprocity, but "a sense of close fellowthe nations-a larger sympathy, mak-. for the far-off goal of perfect culture, ing . . archale words, and he has read just enough of one, it would seem, requiring for its satisfaction Stevenson to catch the trick of some of his manerrs on the right side in these attacks, but, at the same time, he was writ- ferred to as "a great black blotch of sound." Else- preserving a rarefled atmosphere within the pages Nevertheless, Manning failed to find peace, ing to Talbot at Rome in terms that indicated where familiar phrases are twisted into a specious of his magazine, and the dilettanti who contribute dealings with the French language was originality by the substitution of unusual words, as | to the initial number-Mr. James, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Lane and others-cannot repress the energy at the | handleapped a being. One can understand the becentre of the undertaking. It is a good first number, far more promising than first numbers are young writers of half a dozen nationalities, who is this the predominant quality when the author apt to be, for, while the editorial management comes to deal with nature. His groves "rumble," is exceedingly systematic, apparently aiming at nal, he got bravely over that fault, and was at times almost slovenly. His unconscious conceit times almost slovenly. His unconscious conceit him well, still less was it a part of his very was assuring Newman of his friendliness. But alm "rock." Nature in his view is in a perpetual so many "heads," there is one immense gain in this him well, still less was it a part of his very was assuring Newman of his friendliness. But alm "rock." Nature in his view is in a perpetual so many "heads," there is one immense gain in this him well, still less was it a part of his very was assuring Newman of his friendliness. But In each of the three national divisions, printed

certain amount of fletion, of political discussion, of does not stand, he does not bear successfully the literary and dramatic criticism. Some of these detects of cool criticism brought to bear with rigid im be the pivot around which everything centred. November 5, 1843, "Guy Fawkes Day," Manning the prima facle proof of this is (1) that his entouin about the same way as the harmless raving of partiality upon his ment characteristic work. Why? preached a violent "No Popery" sermon, in which rage acts with violence against me. (2) That, inissue these chronicles are all well written and in- is not positively unwholesome, it is in the last deteresting. Only one quotation need be made from gree inconsequential, trifling. It may be retorted critical discourses, but that one must be admitted as worth making by every lover of "dear old | trifling as the leaf of a rose blown on a summer's Thackeray," In Matthew Arnold's recently published letters there is a passage which records his beauty which is none the less recognizable, none inviction that the novelist was not "a great the less concrete, writer." This stirs Mr. Andrew Lang to the fol- While a line of Shakespeare's verse is beautiful with "On this side of idolatry," he says, "I have admired Mr. Arnold's poems, and taken delight in his prose, as much as most of his juniors; but if I had to make the choice I would not give up 'Esmond' for all Mr. Arnold's collected works. Though he wrote in prose, Thackeray seems to me to have had a depth and a force of poetry within him, a creative vigor, a sympathy with and knowlessentially poetle than Mr. Arnold's poetry at its best

any case remarkable, but there is much to interest the reader. The opening pages of the magazine are devoted to the first chapters of Stevenson's unfinished romance, "Weir of Hermiston." It is impossible to say much about it at the present stage of publication, That the Lard-Advocate Adam Weir is a grim and fascinating brute; that his pullid lady, Jean, last descendant of the "old, riding Rutherfords of Hermiston," shows Stevenson escaping with perfect There is plenty more of this sort of stuff in the book, and there is no reason why Mr. Cram should ways before him when depicting womankind; and the readers who have been struck dumb by tile to the order, which they looked on as a mot go on producing it, so long as there is a glass that there is rather too much Scotch of the glossa-rial sort in the text. For the rest we must wait of the Church, and knew nothing about orders or apostolic succession. He was not one of "the band of earnest young men" who used to meet in Newman's room at Oriel; and he left the university with no suspicion that it held many of the apostolic successful was the across to a movement that was to stir the successful was the apostolic successful was the successful was the apostolic succession. He was not one of "the band of earnest young men" who used to meet in Newman's room at Oriel; and he left the university with no suspicion that it held many of the project of the room of the project of the state, he very soon made connections of these Chicago purveyors of his bought such worders are? The genuine master, said Goethe, in a postulate, he very soon made connections of these Chicago purveyors of his bought such worders are? The genuine master, said Goethe, in the text. For the rest we must wait bought such worders are? The genuine master, said Goethe, in the carrier, is in his familiar visits, taking care to impress himself on all mitted to point out that, excepting always the after the productions of these Chicago purveyors of his work was always done when he said Goethe, in the text. For the rest we must wait bought such worders are? The genuine master, said Goethe, in the carrier, is in his familiar visits, taking care to impress himself on all mitted to point out that, excepting always the after the productions of these Chicago purveyors of his words are the carrier. The tale beat Goethe, in the carrier, we may be personance of Matthew Arnold, is point in the text. For the rest we must wait the said Goethe, in the carrier, we may be personance of Matthew Arnold, is point in the text. For the rest we must wait does not need to the carrier, we may be personance of Matthew Arnold, is point in the text. For the rest we must wait does not need to the carrier, we may be personance of Matthew Arnold, is point in the text. For the rest we must wait does not need to the carrier. The tale bought was does not need to th more Roman than tout of the Pope himself. Indeed, and to use men and women as stepping-tones for his own advancement.

We have not space to go into further details of Manning's last years in the Anglican Church, except to say that he centified to the last to lay a double part, stinding up in public for man. The Chapter of Westminster cordially dis- of some particular "horror" Had De Maupassant it and breathe easier, and leave the reader in

decided, nevertheless, to take orders. In after years, he declared that he was called by God, but this declaration is not borne out by his letters written at the time. In fact, the thought secutive tales published under the title "The Three Imposters; or, The Transmutations." The matter dor Mommsen and Herr Spielhagen. There are of these tales is grewsome enough to please the some notes on the recent centenary of lithography most exacting taste, and the method of telling, in which Herr Herman Helferich naturally has As an archbishop we are bound to say that he from the artistle point of view, leaves very little some nice things to say of what his comparisons a circumstance which typides the impartiality and

> Altogether, "Cosmopolis" starts well. The various views published by all three in their own tongues Turning, however, from the manner to the matter | ish the charm of a magazine bringing the current such contact with one another as "Cosmopolis" sures. The magazine is well printed and is without

> > Gloomy and dreary to the last degree is that sho of earth which hears the name of Falkland Islands. Yet it has produced romance in the person of Miss They Gift, the novelist, who as a child, wrote stories there and read them to other children. of these other children, by the way, was Miss Alice Havers, the painter. Another clever woman who was born in the islands is Miss Ellaline Terriss.

What is said to be a singularly interesting work is on the Cambridge University Press. It is an claborate study of Convent Life and Saint Worship, covering the period from the beginning of Latin Monasticism to the years just preceding the Refor mation. The work is to be called Monasticism"; its author is Lina Eckenstein

Mr. George Moore, by the way, is making a less ponderous study of convent life in the novel which he is now writing. The book is to be named "Evelyn Innes."

Literary ambitions are spreading, Milwaukee wishes to be known as a "nucleus," and the Mayor and other prominent citizens are co-operating with vention" which will be held on March 10 under the "auspices of the society." Information about it, according to the announcement, will be given in "a circular that will be circulated" in all parts of Wiscousin; for, unfortunately, only Wisconsin authors are to share in the prizes and engressed scrolls of

This, it appears, is unavoidable, because the numlocal writers is so great that it is necessary to divide them into classer. Class A consists of writers who have received pay for and have published one or more productions, and Class B of those who have written, without pay, or can write upon together, first and second prizes for both prose and poetry in each class are to be bestowed, the poems

being limited, in the cause of humanity, to 750 words each. It is an attractive program should encourage the divine afflatus in Wisconsin and stir up other States to rivalry and achievement in letters. In fact, it has only one fault. Beside providing for those who have written and those who can write, it should have a Class C and offer prizes to those who wish they could write when they can't.

Some little while ago it hefell upon a day that a ojourner in the Quartier Latin should visit another dweller "sous les toits." He found the latter living in the midst of the impedimenta with which a Parisian lodging of the student sort is likely to be littered, and in exploring the mysteries of the collection he found a plaster bust which looked for all the world like an amateur's portrait of a drunken Demosthenes. It is not intended to convey any ribald reflection in that phrase. The head had really the appearance of one originally noble, but sunk and battered under the weight of vicious living. On making inquiry about the bust, the questioner expected to be told that it was the crude essay of some beginner who was striving to depict an ancient hero. Then the truth came out; it was a treasured, revered, and altogether perfect Paul Veriaine. A curious silence followed the host's words of illumination. It was difficult to say that his adored friend looked like some phantom jured up from the inferno by some one emulating Rodin, that the nobility latent in Verlaine's brow could not hide the suggestion of the pugitist and the sot in the general masses of the bust. The safest way out was to ask for the privilege of comparing the original with the portrait. "Where might The resulting informa-Verlaine be encountered?" tion ran something as follows: "Verlaine always takes his coffee at such-and-such a place, but he goes for his absinthe to such another place, and if we don't find him at this brasserie we may find him at the other."

With the prospect of searching amid half a dozen different companies of absinthe-sippers for the joy of meeting Verlaine, that joy grew less alluring. It was casier to converse a little while about the man and then, for further data, go, as always, to his written work. Those who have been more ardent have come to a conclusion more favorable than that of the impersonal student. The writer has been familiar with their talk, in print and out of it, The opinion of these actual interlocutors of Verlaine has been, on the whole, that not far below the surface of the degradation in which he lived there flowed a pellucid stream of thought, a stream from which rose with the lightness and the purity of crystal bubbles a sequence of lyric masterpled So much for those who knew the poet face to face, and who frankly admit that he lived a life of personal irresponsibility, a life of impulsive and unreckoning immorality. Prison life, gutter life, a life worse than either, had stained him, they will grant, but, "Behold," they add, "behold the genius of the man!"

To have known Verlaine in his wretchedness and to have watched him in his frequently remarkable to have felt amazement over the capacities of so resultant reverence of those have tracked their master from one café table to aiming at | another, and found him under any circumstances an in the criticism of what fell from his pen. It is this dous commotion, without a perceptible change of in the language of the authors, there is provided a latter product by which he must stand or fall. He does not stand, he does not bear successfully the that some of the finest lyrics of Shakespeare are as wind. True enough. But the leaf of a rose has a the beauty of a sight or sound that comes and flashes and is gone, supreme in the mere passion of existence, the thing with which Verlaine lovers would compare it in Verlaine's work is artificial, lacking in the divine buoyance of poetic life. It is not a shred, torn quivering from some tender flower of inspiration. It is a chip struck off with metallic sharpness and metallic thinness of sound from the infertile mass of words which makes an artificer's

There is no lingering melody in Verlaine's none of the music which comes up from the heart of things and stays with the poet and his hearers long after the chords of his lyre are struck. There is a tinkle, sometimes a more resonant sound; but it is gone in a moment, and means no more than the shrill noise of some penny singer on the crowded boulevards. There is tragedy in the sound, say the lovers of it. But we suspect that is because they remember too persistently the facts of their poet's life. The actual vense has no such implication. It is picturesque in theme, very often; it is bizarre in this symbolism ever stop to consider how cheaply radiance serviceable forever. Verlaine fought obterity, for it is as puzzling as the mystery to which he was so eager to allude.

The real service of Verlaine to contemporary French literature has been that of an insurgent who, because he made more or less of a commotion among writing men, succeeded in stirring stagnant waters and easing the tension of literary workmanhip where it threatened to become too academic. When M. Brunetiere has "gone for" the decadents he has had no difficulty in proving them to be a sorry lot; but the very discussion aroused by bim and by the objects of his wrath has been good for every one concerned. It has kept the air clear, it has made current reviewing, current essay writing current literary work generally, a trifle more flexible. Verlaine has kept innumerable pens busy arguing whether he or the academy was right. This sort of thing is always, in its minor way, prefitable Beyond the fermentation he has caused, however, it is not apparent that Verlaine has done good, that he has added to the strength of French literature. That literature has always been weak on its poetic dde, and it has needed for its betterment exactly the quality of dignity combined with grace, of rich substance combined with aerial lightness of lyric rapture, which Verlaine most devotedly ignored. He strove, in his way, for lyric lightness; but his way was the way of a juggler, a showman, and, like that ingenious personage, his muse was content when a certain number of objects twords, in his use) were kept dizzily whirling through the air. He never had a glimpse of pure poetic inspiration in all his life.

It is said that the unpublished MSS, of Charlotte Bronte have proved on examination to be far more numerous and important than had been imagined, This material, which is soon to appear in book form. includes a large number of hitherto unknown letters

Mr. R. D. Blackmore's forthcoming inovel is to bear the title of "Dariel; a Romance of Surrey." Mr. Quiller-Couch is engaged upon a serious novel. Miss Beatrice Harraden's new story-a California story-is called "Hilda Stafford."

Toistol proposes to found a kind of serial publiation, being moved to that desire apparently by two facts: That he receives from wealthy per of mankind, and that he also receives masses of literary material, calculated to perform that service. Combine the two-and there you are interior religious perfection of each individual" is the world-moving object of the literature which series of books and booklets will set forth "the real aim of man's life," will indicate "the discord of our life with this aim." and will show "the means of making the one agree with the other." He suggests that the title of the series may be "Regeneration. It will be brought out in London, and will be printed in English, French, German and Russian.

Mr. Alfred Austin is tenderly called "an estimable little bardling" by "The Saturday Review," and it declares that Lord Salisbury, in making the appointment, "has fitted the fool's cap on his own head

for all time." The office of Laureate, says "The Review," was "felt by Tennyson himself to be as much an anach-ronism as the office of Court fool, and he did not hesitate in private to condemn it, and to express his sense of the ignominy of the position. H red the requirements of the office a degradation, and, though he intensely admired Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, he held the position un willingly, and hoped it might, some day, be allowed to lapse."